Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſvſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt fearde to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for wormes.
Kin. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by the paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred.
Vngouernd youth to waile it in their age:
The parents liue whoſe children thou haſt butchred,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſvſed, nere vſed, by time miſvſed orepaſt.
King. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without her, follo wes to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this.

Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deſerts, but what I will deſerue:
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh fond in great deſignes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to do good,
Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe to be my ſelfe?
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance wrong your ſelfe.
Qu. But thou didſt kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, Ile burie them,
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie there ſhall breed,
Selfes of themſelues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write to me very ſhortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kiſſe: farewell. *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. *Enter*
Rat My gracious ſoueraigne, on the Weſterne coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayd,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a ſhore.
King. Some light-foote friend poſt to the Duke of Nor
Ratliffe thy ſelfe, or Catesby, where is he?
Cat. Here my Lord.
Kin. Flie to the Duke: poſt thou to Salisbury,
When thou comeſt there: dull vnmindfull villaine
Why ſtands thou ſtill, and goeſt not to the Duke?
Cat. Firſt mightie ſoueraigne, let me know your minde
What from your grace I ſhall deliuer him.
Kin. O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie ſtraight,
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meete me preſently at Salisbury.
Rat. What is it your highnes pleaſure I ſhal do at ſalisbu
Kin. Why what woulds thou do there before I go?